THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will start from Copenhagen to-day, and may be expected to arrive in London on Monday evening or Tuesday morning.

It is stated that the Session will probably close on Thursday week, the 11th of August, and Parliament will, if possible, be adjourned on that day. In the interval, however, Mr. Gladstone will be able to carry a Bill, which he has introduced, to amend the Acts of the 37th Geo. III., c. 127, and the 39th and 40th Geo. III., c. 14th, by enabling the Government to assemble Parliament within six days, instead of fourteen days, after the public notification.

Mr. Disraeli has given notice that he will call the consideration of the House of Commons, on Monday next, to the position of this country with reference to the War on the Continent of Europe.

After lingering in great agony from Friday last, the Hon. F. Charteris died from the effect of his wound at 12.30 p.m. on Wednesday, at his father's residence in St. James's-place. Everything that surgical skill could suggest during the period of his precarious state was resorted to in alleviation of his sufferings. Surgeon-Major John Wyatt, of the Coldstream Guards, was in constant attendance on the unfortunate gentleman, and the assistance of Sir W. Fergusson, Dr. Gull, Mr. Prescott Hewitt, and several leading surgeons, was given in an endeavour to save life, but without avail. Her Majesty was constantly informed of the state of the patient, and daily inquiries at the residence of Lord Elcho were made by a large number of sympathising friends.

A portion of the original manuscript of *Oliver Twist*, in the handwriting of the author, was sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge, on Saturday last, for 50*l.*, purchased by Mr. John Forster.

The Duc de Gramont, whose name has become so prominent during the present month, is well known in England. He married the daughter of a Scotchman, Mr. Mackinnon, formerly M.P. for Lymington. Mr. Mackinnon, who was the head of the clan, died but a few weeks ago.

It may interest some of our sporting readers to know that, although the Baden season has collapsed, yet an attempt is being made to get up a large autumn racing meeting at Fontainebleau.

The ocean yacht race between the Cambria and the Dauntless has resulted in the victory of the English vessel. The yachts started from Queenstown on Monday, July 4, amidst the farewell greeting of a large fleet of small craft which had met to wish the competitors a prosperous voyage. After they had kept together a short time they parted company, and did not meet again until they arrived off Sandy Hook. When they started the wind was west, and the Cambria got off with the lead, taking a northerly course; while the Dauntless, with the object of avoiding a region of fogs and icebergs, kept further south. On the 7th of July the Dauntless lost two of her crew overboard in a gale, and spent three hours in fruitless efforts to save them. On the 10th inst. she lost a jibboom in a squall. The Cambria passed Cape Race on the 18th; the Dauntless, for the reasons given above, being a day later. The Cambria occupied 23 days 5 hours in traversing the course, and the Dauntless 23 days 7 hours. On the arrival of the vessels at Sandy Hook they were received by the yacht squadron of the New York, Atlantic, Brooklyn, and other yacht clubs. The betting in New York was even on the competitors, and it is stated from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 dollars have changed hands since the announcement of the result.

On Thursday "Whitecross-street" ceased to be a prison. The inmates have been turned over to the convict prison at Holloway. Amongst the few of any notoriety who are now imprisoned are Mr. Leonard Edmunds, who is a prerogative Crown prisoner, and who, unless the sum of "7,904*l.*, and also sheriffs' poundage, officers' fees, costs of levying, and all other legal proceedings be paid into the Court of Exchequer," is likely to end his days inside a prison; and Mr. Fennell, of Bridgewater notoriety, who is a Crown prisoner, but not a prerogative Crown prisoner, who is also undergoing a term of twelve months' imprisonment, nine of which are unexpired. It is understood that this prison, long known in the metropolis as the "Queen's Hotel," has been disposed of to a brewery establishment.

The New York papers announce the death, on the 12th inst., at Washington, of Admiral Dahlgren, in his sixtieth year. During the war with the South he was constantly occupied in naval duties, and rendered distinguished service to the Federal cause. The deceased was widely known in connection with the gun that bears his name.

Professor Burggraeve has sent a letter to the *Journal de Gand*, stating that in the hospital of that city wounds are treated with the greatest success by simply covering them with thin sheets of lead, which are kept in their places by sticking plaster. The lead is cool and pleasant to the wound; unlike a bandage, which must produce heat and irritation. It becomes coated in a short time inside with sulphate of lead, which acts as a prevention of putrefaction, and keeps away vermin. Moreover, cold water can be applied to wounds so dressed without disturbing the dressing, and this plan is said to be a means of avoiding the need of hasty operations.

The Dutch regular army consists of 60,000, and the civic guard of 100,000 men; besides this, there are the volunteers, who can muster about 50,000 at present, and this number is still increasing. All the Dutch volunteers are armed with the Snider rifle, whilst the regulars have a superior kind of breech-loader.

Mobb, in the *Eclipse* (says a Parisian correspondent), has not flattered the King of Prussia. If libelling the enemy with the pencil in times of war be a public service, Mobb deserves well of his country. Mobb's King William is a trifle larger in the paunch than Drauer's Prussian. The royal torso is much the shape of a dish cover, topped by an immense coal-scoop, and mounted upon legs which have hardly the proportions of fingers to the whole. "C'est magnifique," an elderly gentleman said over my shoulder, treating himself to a pinch of snuff in honour of Mobb. "It is superb. And that droll De Bismarck behind, showing his Majesty how to play at soldiers. Bismarck, par exemple, is admirable, and very like the devil. His Majesty had better have another pull at his *Ems wasser*; he will want it before we have done with him."

A correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* states that the inhabitants of the little town of Osterode have offered a reward of 10,000 thalers to whoever shall take the Emperor of the French, alive or dead.

It has been the talk of Paris that the Emperor's proclamation to the French people contained a glaring piece of bad French. This is not wonderful, seeing that while his Majesty is making war on Germany for a French idea, the only language he speaks with a native accent is German. The Emperor, splitting upon the rock of one of the most difficult verbs in the French language, said, "*J'amène mon fils avec moi*" (I bring my son with me); whereas the proper Academic French should have been, "*J'emmène mon fils avec moi*" (I take my son with me). The mistake is thought so important, that the *Official Journal* was moved to publish a correction. Meanwhile, on the walls of Paris, and of the 36,000 communes of France, the Emperor's bad grammar is held up to the criticism of village masters. This little mishap, which is made infinitely worse by the official notice taken of it, will be of small moment indeed in case of that victory of which the French make no doubt whatever. Then the French Emperor will be enabled to say as proudly as the Kings of the middle ages—who, not being "clerks," made their mark with the sword's point—"*Mala grammatica non vitiat chartam.*"

General Count Moltke's dispositions are now extending to Southern Germany, as is shown by the successful blowing up of the bridge over the Rhine at Kehl. The General has become more taciturn than ever, and, as this is well known, scarcely anybody ever speaks to him, but everybody waits until he speaks People here are so accustomed to his peculiarities and solitary habits, evidently the result of constant pondering over his duties, that they even feign not to see him when he passes. Yet he can express himself very fluently and very clearly on occasion, as I myself can testify, having heard him once explain the topography of the seat of the Danish war. Some few days ago the tacit convention was broken by an individual who claims to be one of the grandees of the Bourse. "Well," he said, on meeting the General in the street, "how are things getting on, General?" "Thank you sir," replied the General, "my rye crops are getting on beautifully, but my potatoes are very backward." The Bourse gentleman disappeared.

The melody of the "Marseillaise" is German holy music, found in an old church of the German village Holgheim, to which the French adapted only their words.

Old Professor Ewald, the Orientalist, from Gottingen, who cannot reconcile himself to the disappearance of the Hanoverian State, though he himself was one of the seven professors who denounced King Ernest August, the late Duke of Cumberland, as a traitor to his oath, has afforded us some amusement lately. The old gentleman, who is member for the once "irreconcilable" city of Hanover, was travelling the other day in the same railway carriage with the Count of Solms-Laubach, a relative of the royal house, when the latter stretched out his hand, and said, "I hope you now have given up your enmity, and that we are all countrymen and friends again." "No," said the old professor; "a thief remains a thief always." At this there was a scene in the carriage, and all the passengers harangued old Ewald; one at last succeeded in so far touching his heart as to make him declare that at least he would remain "neutral."

M. Edouard Lockroy gives an account of his night travels in a carriole. He is on the point of starting for the camp and the frontier, when at the gates of Metz the horse drops his shoes. Whereupon he visits the nearest blacksmith, and while the horse is being shod the man recounts his experience of war. "At this moment," the *chroniqueur* admits, "everybody at Metz has killed his Prussian. You cannot find a single individual who will not say to you, 'Ah! I killed enough of them, I can tell you—when I was young.' One might almost imagine it was a local game, like archery." The blacksmith's story was to the effect that on a certain occasion he was in a *cabaret* at Saarlouis with some Prussians. One of these stepped up to him, and dropped an old quid in his beer. Whereupon the blacksmith rose, unhooked a sabre from the wall, and laid about him with a will. He struck one, and then the other, and then a third. He cuts one, cleaves another, kills two at a blow, three—in short, disposes of them all. Having finished the business, the tremendous Frenchman hangs the sabre against the wall, and goes on his way. But it so happened that these Prussians were soldiers; and their colonel, finding that none of them returned, asked his lieutenant, "Who killed my Prussians for me?" The lieutenant replied, "A Frenchman of Lorraine." The colonel complained—as well he might—to the French authorities. An inquiry was instituted, and the blacksmith stood forward, and said to his judges, "Gentlemen, if a person were to put an old 'chique' into your soup at dinner, what would you do?" The Prussian colonel, who was a manly fellow, cried, "I would kill him." "Well," the blacksmith answered, "a Prussian put an old 'chique' into my beer, so I killed all the Prussians who were there." And the judges, after due deliberation, told the blacksmith that he might go home. The said blacksmith must surely be a poor and humble relation of the Marshal of France, whose moustache would go twice round the body of M. de Bismarck!

The Maharajah of Vizianagram has given £20,000 for the foundation of an "Alfred Medical College" at Allahabad, to commemorate his interview with his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh.

GARDEN HOSE.—Pink Stocks.

A St. Louis man has hung himself because a third wife wanted him to buy her son a new coat.

PUBLIC PUGILISM.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* writes as follows:—"I witnessed a performance yesterday evening, the details of which may be interesting to Colonel Henderson and Mr. Bruce. The place was Gee's-court, Oxford-street, the time 6.45 p.m., and the actors two roughs, who were formally waging battle together, with their seconds, their bottle-holders, their ring-keepers, backers, and friends. The proceedings were both systematic and regular, and proved how fallacious is the supposition that prize fighting has been suppressed. Gee's court is a few paces past Stratford-place, and where Oxford-street is at its genteelest; and the strollers down the last-named thoroughfare at the hour quoted were attracted by the manifestations of delight of a private soldier, a street commissionaire, a light porter laden with band-boxes, and a young woman respectably attired. These formed a group on the pavement of Oxford-street, and by dint of standing on tip-toe, and other ingenious artifices, they commanded a full view of the sport in progress. I wanted more than this, and made my way down the court, which widens considerably before you have gone many paces, and in the centre of which was the ring. One of the combatants was nude from the waist upwards, and the other wore part of a dirty shirt, but both were in fair fighting trim, and there was every evidence of pre-meditation and pre-arrangement. Each second was holding his man on his knee on my arrival, both the pugilists were bleeding, or had bled at the nose and mouth, and both had what, I believe, is technically termed "mousers" in the region of the eye. The fight had evidently been in progress for some time. Every window on every floor of the crowded court had its knot of eager sight-seers. Workmen suspended their labour, mothers elected to give their babes the oldest form of nourishment on a window-sill, little children gave up their play, and aged crones put on their spectacles—and all for the "merry mill." According to the rough estimate I made and recorded in my pocket-book at the time, there were from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and sixty people looking on at this fight from the windows of the adjacent houses alone. The situation was admirably adapted for its temporary purpose, and resembled a small flagged amphitheatre surrounded by a great number of roomy family boxes. The ring was rather less than the orthodox size, and the spectators seemed now and then to be impulsively inclined as one or other combatant gained an advantage. On the whole, however, I am bound to say the proceedings were fair—much fairer than at many a prize-fight of far greater pretensions. The men went to work almost as soon as I had taken up my position in the outer ring. They had more pluck than science, and the first round I saw was rather a scuffling one. Both landed their blows home, and a confused pounding at each other's faces and heads, followed by a good deal of bloodshed, made up this stage. The seconds and bottle-holders interfered now, and assiduously sponged the fighters' faces, and whispered words of advice and encouragement in their ears. There was but a short time allowed between the rounds, and the two men were at it again after half a minute's rest. There were more feints in this round, and one well-meant attempt at cross-buttocking, but it ended in the same scramble as before, each pugilist battering his rival's head as if with a paviour's hammer. Then "time" was called, and the blood was sponged away from eyes and mouths, and the men were supported on their seconds' knees as before. The faces began to look raw and puffy, and there were symptoms of staggering on the legs. Seven more rounds took place in this way, however, when the man who had hitherto got the worst of it delighted his friends by a sudden rush at and on his opponent, which brought the latter's head down on the pavement with a crack which it is not easy to forget. Everybody's blood was up now, and the court resounded with shouts and cries; for it was said the fight was over, and that he who was undermost at the end of the last round could not come to time. When, therefore, he not only got up, but planted his fist plump on his rival's mouth, making of it a huge red smear like a clown's grimace, the rejoicing was great. But, alas! the gallant struggle had no satisfactory end, and the public opinion of Gee's-court is still in a fog as to the relative merits of the two candidates for its laurels. A whistle was heard, then another, and then the outposts of the crowd opened out, and a policeman was seen walking slowly towards the ring. As a matter of course, the affair was over from that moment. The sponges, the vessels full of water for dashing over the fighters' heads and faces when they seemed exhausted, the combatants themselves, and the component parts of the ring, were all spirited away or converted into purposeless loungers long before the policeman reached us. He smiled, and shook his head with a great air of wisdom, and then retreated the way he came, two of the youthful dwellers in Gee's-court strutting behind him, and imitating the police method of swinging the arms in a very amusing way.

What gave great zest to this public fight was that you could hear the roar of Oxford-street all the time it was going on, and that if you chose to turn your head between the rounds the outside passengers on the stream of homeward bound omnibuses were clearly discernible. This union of the sights and sounds of our every day London life with the facilities given in it to pugilism, make Gee's-court a very fascinating place; and in common fairness to the heroes of the prize-ring and the patrons of the noble art, I ask you to let me inform them of the highly convenient "pitch" I hit upon by accident last night. Gee's-court, I should add, is only a threepenny ride from Whitechapel, and omnibuses pass its entrance every two minutes through the day."

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

A WRETCHED WOMAN.

A COMEDIETTA—IN TWO ACTS.

(*Continued from page* 235).

Araminta. And if you could refrain from brandishing your knife and fork when you carve, I should esteem it a great favour. I am always afraid you will do some one a mischief. As your performance with your dinner-knife threatens yourself only, I have perhaps no right to complain; but it gives me great pain to see it in your mouth. Can't you eat and drink without messing yourself, that you are obliged to wear a napkin?

Gosling (aside). She is still a little nervous, poor thing. Why, where 's the salt? Mary Jane must have lost her head. *(Rises and goes towards the door.)* As she 's in bed, I suppose, by this time, I must go and fetch it myself.

Araminta. Gregory, what in heaven's name have you got on your feet?

Gosling (looking down at his feet). Why, boots, my love.

Araminta. Why is it that your boots make more noise than any one else's?

Gosling. They *do* creak a little *(stamping his feet).* You see, it's because they are new. When they get to my foot it will be all right. But I will go to another shop, if you wish it. *(Knocking overhead.)* What 's that?

Araminta (severely). It is my mother, Mr. Gosling: you have awakened her.

Gosling. With my unlucky boots. I'll wear pannuscorium. I've got corns, so it will be just as well. *(Slides back to his seat and begins to eat.)* That way they 're pretty quiet.

Araminta (aside). And my existence is linked to that man! That ignoble being calls me wife!

"As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated to a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

What an abyss between such natures as his, and—— If *he* had chosen! *(Looking at* GOSLING.)

(HECTOR *heard singing up-stairs.* ARAMINTA *listens with emotion.)*

Araminta (aside). It is *his* voice! That clear and ringing organ which like a clarion sounds over the battle-field. What is he singing—a martial strain? *(tenderly)*—a love song?

Gosling. There 's your cousin tuning up "The Whole Hog or None." I can do a bit of the chorus, if you didn't mind.

Araminta. Ah! *(Falls on the couch.)*

Gosling (rises in a fright). What is the matter? Are you ill, 'Minta?

Araminta (in a broken voice). I am suffering.

Gosling (taking up his hat). I will run round for Dr. Boodle. I know you don't like me to prescribe for you. I'll be back in a minute.

Araminta (in a loud voice). I won't have Dr. Boodle.

Gosling (timidly). Would you like *me* to——

Araminta (fiercely). No!

Gosling (soothingly). Very well, dear, you shan't be worried. I dare say it will pass off: you are a little nervous to-day. *(Sits and resumes his supper.* ARAMINTA *springs from the couch.)*

Araminta. This is too much!

Gosling. What!

Araminta. I tell him I am suffering—that I am in anguish—and he begins again at the cold mutton!

Gosling. But I have eaten nothing since the morning.

Araminta. He sees the struggle that is going on in my agonised breast, and he turns away calmly to finish his half-and-half!

Gosling. But I have drank nothing since the morning.

Araminta. And you pretend to love me! You, who would gladly see me consigned to the tomb if you could gratify one more selfish passion by my death.

Gosling. Don't say such dreadful things.

Araminta (seizing a knife). But you have no courage.

Gosling (rising hastily). Put down the knife! What the——

Araminta. Ah! I'm nervous, am I!

Gosling. Put down the knife! *(runs from Araminta, who pursues him round the room, knocking down the furniture and breaking the plates in her course.)*

Araminta. But I have protectors near me! *(Calling loudly—still in pursuit of Gosling)* Help! Murder! Help!

Gosling. For God's sake don't shriek like that! *(Tearing his hair).* What will the neighbours think?

Araminta (crying out). Help! the wretch will kill me! help! ah! ah! *(falls in a fainting fit on the floor. All the doors open. Enter* POCKLINGTON *and* Mrs. POCKLINGTON *in their dressing-gowns and night-caps.* CONSTANTINE, *and* MARY JANE.

Mrs. Pocklington. What is it? Great heaven! my child! *(Rushes to* ARAMINTA, *who groans.)*

Pocklington (solemnly). And it has come to this! Personal violence to a Pocklington of the weaker sex!

Constantine (with indignation). He was dragging her by the hair of her head!

Gosling. I!!!

Pocklington (pointing to ARAMINTA). And this is the woman you swore at the altar to cherish!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Parlour behind* GOSLING'S *shop.*

CONSTANTINE *discovered reading and watching the door of* ARAMINTA'S *bedroom. Enter* MR. *and* MRS. POCKLINGTON *on tiptoe, cross the stage, make a sign to* CONSTANTINE *to be silent, and knock at* ARAMINTA'S *door. Enter* MARY JANE.

Mrs. Pocklington. Well!

Pocklington. Well!

Mary Jane. Missis is dressing.

Enter GOSLING.

Gosling. Is she more calm?

Mary Jane. She has just made a very good breakfast, sir, and has ordered a chop for luncheon.

Mrs. Pocklington. Poor child!

[*Exit* MARY JANE.

Gosling (rubbing his hands). Well, that looks as if she was getting all right. *(Aside, looking at* MR. *and* MRS. POCKLINGTON, *who preserve a gloomy severity of demeanour.)* H'm! papa and mamma haven't forgiven me, it seems.

Pocklington (looking out of the corners of his eyes at GOSLING). A father and mother retire to rest; they are disposing themselves to court the sweet restorer—

Mrs. Pocklington. When a terrible noise—

Pocklington. The evidence of a deadly struggle—

Mrs. Pocklington. Breaks upon their astonished ears.

Pocklington. Supporting themselves with difficulty, a prey to emotion of the most painful kind, they ascend that portion of the staircase which separates them from their child—

Mrs. Pocklington. With a trembling hand they knock at the door—

Pocklington. It opens—

Mrs. Pocklington. And what is the spectacle which presents itself to their parental eyes?

Gosling (coming forward). Well, if you wish to know, the spectacle of a husband surrounded by flying plates, and pursued by his good lady with a knife.

Pocklington (indignantly). Articles of domestic use, sir, become defensive weapons in the hands of the unfortunate.

Gosling. But I have done nothing. *(Speaking loudly.)* I make my wife happy! I make her exceedingly happy!

Pocklington. You? Ask *(pointing to* CONSTANTINE) this faithful servitor!

Gosling. I will! Constantine, am I a tyrant, or not?

Constantine. I know not, sir, but she suffers.

Gosling (furious). Oh! you 'll have a finger in the pie, will you? Well, take that *(kicks him).*

Constantine (looking up to heaven). I can bear even this for her sake! [*Exit.*

Pocklington. You see even he condemns you.

Gosling. It is enough to make one throw oneself out of the window. *(Runs to the window.)*

Pocklington. You wish to attach our name to the pillory of public opinion, do you? Oh! climax of infamy! *(Rushes on* GOSLING.)

Enter ARAMINTA.

Araminta. Stay, papa, perhaps he is not so much in fault.

Gosling. Oh!

Mrs. Pocklington. Noble girl! she accuses herself to save him!

Gosling. I must go into the fresh air *(going).*

Araminta. Stay, Gregory.

Gosling. I beg your pardon, my dear, but I have some prescriptions to make up, and—

Araminta. The prescriptions must wait; I wish to speak to you. (*Going to her father and mother.*) My good father, my beloved mother, I must ask you to leave me for a short time.

Mrs. Pocklington. Alone with that man?

Araminta. Yes. (GOSLING *sits resignedly.*)

Pocklington. We will go; but (*looking at* GOSLING) we shall be near at hand.

[*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS. POCKLINGTON.

Araminta (*absorbed in thought, walks slowly to the front of the stage. Suddenly looking up, she exclaims in a deep voice*): Assist me, virtue! Yes, I will do my duty! (*Walks about the room, arranging and altering the furniture, and putting everything in its wrong place.*)

Gosling. What *are* you about?

Araminta. I am occupying myself with my household duties. (*Walking rapidly about.*) I have neglected them too long. I have permitted others to watch over your comfort hitherto: henceforward it shall be my care, my privilege, to attend upon you. It shall be your wife who will watch over you. Night and day you will find me at my post. I will serve you on my knees. (*Continues to arrange the furniture, etc.*)

Gosling. But we keep a servant. I don't want you to serve me on your knees.

Araminta (*agitated*). I shall watch over your precious health. I have been remiss up to the present time: I shall be so no longer. You have suffered, Gregory, and I have not tried to alleviate your anguish; you have been wrung with pain, and I have not been at your pillow. Forgive me; you are suffering now!

Gosling. No, I ain't; I'm quite well, I'm in rude health.

Araminta (*chafing his hands*). Your poor hands are icy cold: (*touching his forehead*) your brow is fevered: you must take repose (*forces him into an arm-chair by the fire*). Sit there (*heaps cushions over him*). Are you easier? Are you comfortable?

Gosling (*crying out*). No, I don't like it, you smother me!

(*Enter the* POCKLINGTONS, *precipitately.*)

Mrs. Pocklington. What is he doing to you?

Pocklington. What new outrage is this?

Araminta. Nothing. Leave me with my husband. Is not my place by his side?

Pocklington. We obey. But the parental eye will watch over you.

[*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS. POCKLINGTON.

Araminta (*leaning on the back of* GOSLING'S *chair*). You work too hard, Gregory; you must take more exercise, have more amusement. You must go into society; and when you return I shall fly to meet you, your slippers in one hand, your dressing gown in the other, a welcome always on my lips and in my heart for my husband (*tenderly*). A smile at parting, a kiss on return. (*Suddenly repulsing* GOSLING, *who is lending himself complacently to her caresses.*) Keep off! No! no! (*covering her face with her hands*) you will never supply the void in this aching heart!

Gosling (*rises with a bound—aside*). Ah! it is too clear; I must go and tell her parents.

Araminta. Gregory, you will not leave me? I have something to tell you.

Gosling. What?

Araminta. How do I know?

Gosling (*aside*). It is lunacy.

Araminta (*aside*). No, he will never cause the chord of affection to vibrate in my heart! Ah, if I could but feel jealous! A last effort—(*aloud*) Gregory!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch.*)

TOO BAD.

Young Gentleman.—Aw! Miss Cavendish, do you know they've had a juvenile party before the ball?

Miss C.—Oh, then I suppose your mamma is letting you stop a little later this evening?

(From *Fun.*)

FAT-ERLAND.—An American paper informs us that "The New York Germans have organised an association of fat men. It numbers already 90 members, whose united weights amount to about 21,000 pounds, the average weight of the members being about 17 stone." Now that war is declared the association had better join the Prussian army in a body. Its members are eminently calculated to offer the invader a stout resistance.

A TRY-IT-ON AMONG THE MINNOWS.—Punters on the Thames—we don't refer to those who put down the "pieces" at 'appy 'Ampton—in their efforts to capture the leviathans of the river find the shandy-*gaff* indispensable.

(From *Punch and Judy.*)

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

Serious Party (to Jones).—What was France's *ultimatum?*

Jones (who hasn't the slightest idea what an *ultimatum* is).—Ha! ha! Yes; very good. Not bad, by Jove! Old bird, tho'. Not to be caught. Give it up. Devilish clever. He! he!

[Serious gentleman moves to another table, and keeps his eye upon Jones.]

A FRIVOLOUS REASON.—The man who deliberately broke his promise, one day last week, had the effrontery to excuse himself for so doing by saying that that, like fish and poultry, couldn't possibly be kept during this hot weather!

YOU DOUGH-N'T SAY SO!—"Bread's rose again," says Mrs. Partington. "I shouldn't wonder if it gets as dear as it was when there was a war in the (y)east!"

It is a curious fact that we only know two gentlemen in the dramatic profession who can digest French rolls (rôles)—Messrs. Charles Mathews and Alfred Wigan.

SO DOES OURS.—A gentleman of our acquaintance has just informed us that his washerwoman's husband suffers from periodical sharp attacks of *tap-room*atism.

THE *Rhine*DERPEST.—The war.

ON DIT.—Newspapers have been forbidden in both the Prussian and French armies, with one exception. Both forces will take "*The Field.*"

(From *Will o'-the-Wisp.*)

CRUEL, IN SUCH WARM WEATHER.

Artist.—Well, so you've sold my picture. What did it go for?

Picture dealer.—Thirty shillings.

Artist.—Thirty shillings! Why, the frame cost me more than that.

Picture dealer.—Ah! that was before the picture was in it.

LOGICAL.

Frank.—Amy, darling, do you believe that the trees do really listen?

Amy.—Oh, dear me, I hope not; for I've heard also that they whisper; and if they do, I'm sure they must be saying of us—"How stupid!"

THE RIGHT MAN TO ASK.

Materfamilias.—Can you tell me, my man, where Mr. and Mrs. Owen reside?

Retail Coal Merchant.—Ah! that I can, Why, they's owed me for three 'undred o' coal these three months, and I've called every week, and I ain't got the money yet.

BATHING DRESSES OF THE PERIOD.—Sea-serges.

(From *Judy.*)

"No noose is good news," and the observation has been made, before now, by several reprieved criminals.

TO SOME WIVES.—If you don't put out your washing, you'll very likely put out your husband

Some authors, whose punctuation is faultless, yet frequently write without point.

THE LAST THING OUT.—The gas.

Why is it impossible for a barrister to be straightforward?—Because he's always going on circuit.

Why has not Prince Alfred a brother of the same age?—Because he is not a twin, sir (at Windsor).

(From the *Tomahawk.*)

There is no truth in the report that Mr. Bright has retarded his recovery by insisting on dining on *peace*-pudding.

Bismarck is reported to have said of Leopold, the new candidate for the Spanish Throne, "He is quite the flower of chivalry, in short, the *Prim-rose.*"

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XLI.—KITCHEN.

First—

Belinda was a careful housewife, rich in
Things appertaining to a well-found kitchen;
A woman who could neatly put a stitch in
A waistcoat piece, or simple bit of breechin'—
As wise, in fact, as she was fair and witchin'.
Belinda lived in Hertfordshire, at Hitchin.

RATAPLAN.

Second—

One day I went a friend to see,
And found him in his kitchen
With his wife, sitting down to tea,
And she was busy stitchin'.
Says he, "I am right glad to see
You in my humble kitchen;
And no doubt you must hungry be,
So, Mary, bring the flitch in."
His wife, who had upon her knee
A lovely girl, bewitchin',
Put down the child, and went with glee
To bring into the kitchen
The flitch, and then she said to me,
"We are not very rich in
Nice drinks, but have a cup of tea,
And welcome to our kitchen."

J. C.

Third—

"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread."

Tom Hood doesn't tell us, though, if she was stitching
In garret, back-parlour, or underground kitchen;
Yet he's careful to show she by no means was rich in
Comforts or pleasures of any degree.
It's easy to see she'd no milk with her tea,
Or dresses of silk or fine jewelree;
Yet she always was singing a dolorous pitch in—
Whether in garret, back-parlour, or kitchen,
'Midst poverty, hunger, and squalidest dirt—
"The Song of the Shirt."

L. N. P.

There was a young lady of Hitchin,
Whose laugh was so sweet and bewitchin',
So I caught her one night,
And put out the light,
And kissed her three times in the kitchen.

DIER.

Flushed and angry looked young Fritzchen,
And on high he held his head;
Sad and tearful little Litzchen,
Sobbed a minute, and then said,
"Yes, I saw you in the kitchen,
Kissing Ann, the servant maid;
It 's very, very hard on me,
As if I weren't as nice as she!"

LA BRUYERE.

Sitting at my open window,
On my hand I leant my head;
Watching, through the foggy ether,
How the sun set bathed in red;
When my servant Betty entered—
"Some one wants you, sir," she said.

"Show him up," I said, half fretful
At the man my thoughts who broke;
And there entered a strange being,
Who, with ne'er a preface, spoke—
Spoke as follows—(Oh, what rapture,
If the fellow I could choke!)

"I 'm from Dunn & Co.: and sell, sir,
A cheap article called lichen;
Iceland Moss, 'tis also called, sir,
'Tis much used in every kitchen;
And with sugar and hot milk, sir,
Your plain diet 'twill enrichen.

"And, sir—" He did not continue,
"Mind," I said, "what you 're about;
Talk of heated milk this weather!
Have you any feelings, lout?"
Then I dragged him to the window,
Kicked him well, and threw him out.

PLANTA GENISTA.

A cottage it stood in a vale—
The humble roof, cover'd with lichen,
Defended from many a gale
Its owner, old honest Tom Hitchen.

No politic honesty his,
'Mid poverty still he was rich, en-
Vy never disfigured the phiz
Of modest, old honest Tom Hitchen.

Befriended, by death, in his bed—
That oaten-chaff bed in the kitchen—
Remember (the last words he said)
The Man About Town, and Tom Hitchen.

BARNEY'S SEE.

When hunting near Hitchin,
On sweet "Deutsche Bild,"
I fell a great ditch in,
And nearly was kill'd.
I know that my kitchen
Was very soon fill'd
With folks to inquire if they should pitch in-
To the fellow whose riding caused me to be spill'd.

FAVOURITE.

I have often been told that a stitch in
Time saves a great many more.
So I take my work into the kitchen,
And sew up of holes half-a-score.

RALPH.

PRIZE WORD—No. XLII.—LICHEN.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. HORNBY.—You are the trumpeter of your own reputation. Take care you do not blast it.

W. W. (Maidstone.)—We wish you were he of whom it was said or sung, "Who never again will trouble you, trouble you."

I. DINGWELL.—Ding then, and confine yourself to that occupation.

DRUGGIST.—Three pills on a lozenge; or a pill azure with a bend sinister (on the part of the patient) might suit you. As for motto, what do you say to "Post Equitem Atra Cura," i.e., "The Black Draught Every (K)Night?

PEASBLOSSOM.—Of course they do. Likewise beans. Your communication is not more original than your pseudonym.

ALFRED MOSELY.—Yes.

E. of T.—You had better obtain one as a preliminary step. We shall be delighted to hand it to you.

L. V. P.—We must once more reiterate "Diamonds to the first; honour to the second."

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

DRURY LANE.—La Traviata—Martha—Lucia di Lammermoor. Half-past Eight.

OLYMPIC.—Old Gooseberry—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.

STRAND.—Loving Hearts—The School for Scandal—The Bonnie Fish-wife—Little Fibs—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Half-past Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870.

THE "situation" abroad has developed a "parlour strategist," who goes about with a map and little red flags to entertain his hosts with speculations upon the campaign. Some of the stories told in connection with this show, indicate a tone of mind of entirely inexcusable levity. The disposition is not confined to France. It is bad enough to find people in society regarding the frightful calamity which threatens the lives of thousands, as a sort of interesting duel; but to make the results and probable catastrophes the objects of wagers and bets, indicates a combination of ignorance and of want of reflection. It is not pleasant, either, to hear dining-room debates on the effects of Chassepots and cannon revolvers. If the talkers could only for a moment realise the consequences which these weapons are to bring about, they would have but little appetite for their meals, or little desire for guessing how many soldiers can be brought down by a rifle at a single shot fired into a column. Men who have seen fighting do not readily chat on such topics; but the "parlour strategist" has no recollections to make him pause in his chatter. It does not, however, require personal experience to learn gravity or caution on a theme of the kind. A certain amount of curiosity as to the great events impending is natural, but when that curiosity assumes the form of odds on the Prussians, or so many pairs of gloves that the French get to Berlin in a month, it is difficult to characterise it in terms of condemnation too emphatic. The lives of thousands and tens of thousands of men, and the misery of hundreds of thousands more, are not becoming subjects either for serious or for playful gambling.

Although the *fracas* between the two Majors in Hyde Park was a very foolish business, it is impossible to quarrel with the settlement. When the charge against Major KANE for assaulting Major GORDON was brought forward at the Middlesex Sessions on Monday, the counsel for the prosecution, after a lengthened conference with the learned Serjeant who had been retained as leading counsel on the other side, announced that matters had been arranged, and that Major KANE expressed regret for the assault. Some mutual explanations between Bench and Bar then followed, and ultimately Mr. Serjeant BALLANTINE, in language of appropriate solemnity, tendered an apologetic expression of regret with all his client's "heart and soul," which Mr. METCALFE, speaking for the prosecutor, and with equal rotundity of phraseology, graciously accepted. So the matter ended: no evidence was offered, and the jury, who must have been highly edified at the spectacle of mutual admiration so soon succeeding to mortal hate in the gallant breasts of Tybalt and Mercutio, found the defendant "Not guilty." To complete the general gratification, it should be added that, thanks to Sir WILLIAM BODKIN, the county is not to be put to any expense; or, as the learned Judge puts it, "damnified" by the business. No announcement can be more satisfactory. If choleric gentlemen will bite their thumbs at one another, *apropos* of spilt wine or any other piece of awkwardness, it is only meet that they alone should bear the consequences, including those that affect the pocket. What a pity we cannot extend the process! Put two nations in place of two individuals, and imagine a Rhadamanthus presiding at the European Sessions to try all disturbers of the peace. Never mind the original provocation, but let the Power that struck the first blow apologise "to the public" with all its "heart and soul," and the other, accepting the *amende honorable* thus handsomely offered, do so in such a way as not to let the apologist feel it has degraded itself. Nothing could be pleasanter, particularly if the presiding Judge chimed in, like a Greek chorus, with the announcement that Europe was not to be "damnified" by the little brush, but that the once angry, now reconciled, disputants were to bear between them all the brunt of the damages.

The season bids fair to justify the semi-tropical character which is assigned to it in popular conversation. When a really Southern summer finds its way to these Northern latitudes—as has always happened at irregular intervals—it brings many Southern characteristics with it. If it gives us semi-tropical heat and drought, and burns our meadows into the russet brown of other lands, it brings us also storms of semi-tropical violence. The present summer has been doubly and antithetically distinguished for drought and deluge, for long intervals of fine weather and sudden storms. One of the dryest summers ever remembered in Scotland, showed quite an average rainfall. The rain had fallen in occasional deluges, with long intervals of drought between them. It is certain that in many districts, possibly all over England in the end, the present summer will show a similar result. The storm which swept over the metropolis on Tuesday morning was quite tropical in its violence. There was rain enough in an hour or two to restore to the parched meadows all their greenness, had it come gradually; but coming all at once it left vegetation scarcely fresher than before. But these sudden deluges breaking our long droughts seem to show that the drought is our fault. We not only ask nature to send us rain enough, but to send it as we want it. The water comes down abundantly, but we do nothing to husband it. If we acted on the same principle with the crops, we should expect the corn and fruit to go on growing and ripening all the year round, and should never trouble ourselves to garner or to house it. But fortunately harvest comes at a certain time of the year, and we therefore husband the resources it brings us, and have plenty till it comes again. If rain came only once a year, at a particular season, we should take care to husband the water, and should never suffer from drought. But we generally have the rain with us at all seasons, and hence we think more of drains than of reservoirs. A dry season is exceptional, and we are never prepared for exceptions. The meadows are parched, the root crops fail, the sheep and cattle suffer under the infliction of dry food, yet when a sudden deluge comes we let it all run off, and if there are no following showers, we are but little the better for it. Not that there is any great difficulty in husbanding the rainfall; there are but few districts in which it might not be done on the largest scale with the best economical results. Nothing pays better than a good water meadow, with its successive hay crops or its unfailing pasturage. The most needless suffering endured in England is that caused by drought. But probably we shall never thoroughly husband our resources of moisture till dry summers become the rule and wet summers the exception, and notwithstanding a couple of dry seasons that change is not on us yet.

Happy are the nations which have only bloodless triumphs and defeats to rejoice over or lament! The British yatching world have every reason to rejoice in the well-won victory of the Cambria over her gallant American antagonist, the Dauntless. For our own part, we must confess that we are most agreeably surprised. It must have been a wonderfully well-sailed and well-contested race on both sides, seeing that over a course of nearly three thousand miles the match was won by one hour and a quarter only. Had the yachts met with nothing worse in the way of weather than light and baffling winds on their July voyage, we should be less proud of the Cambria's success. It was, we believe, the general impression among English yachtsmen that the Cambria would be overpowered by the Dauntless; yet, while both appear to have had an equal share of gales as well as calms, the little Cambria was the first to pass Sandy Hook. Nothing could be more satisfactory to both sides than a victory which would have been close enough even in a match round Cherbourg Breakwater. And such a finish must have been intensely interesting to our generous and hospitable yachting brethren who hail from the bay of New York. It will excite even more than the expected interest in the trials of the Cambria against the crack craft in American waters, in which we hope Mr. ASHBURY may prove equally successful, and return with the challenge cup of the America. At all events, he deserves our hearty congratulations; he could not have sent us better news, or at a more opportune moment than on the eve of the R.Y.S. and R.V.Y.C. Regattas. We trust that this brilliant encounter will induce others of our kinsmen over the water to follow the spirited example of Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. BENNETT, and to accompany the Cambria on her voyage back again. Old yachtsmen have probably not forgotten the match between the Corsair and the Talisman cutters, from Cowes round the Eddystone and back, in half a gale of wind; the Corsair won the race by four minutes. That was considered at the time a marvel of close racing; but this Atlantic contest, in which the best sailing and sea-going qualities of both yachts, and the skill of both crews, must have been thoroughly tested, throws all our Channel matches into the shade.

THE THREE RINGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

In days gone by there lived an Eastern man
Who had a ring, bequeathed him by a friend,
Of priceless worth. An opal was the stone,
Which flashed a hundred shades of changing light,
And, rarest gift, the secret power possessed
Of making him, who in true faith should wear it,
Acceptable to God and man. No wonder
This Eastern man through life for ever kept
The ring upon his finger, and ordained
That never from his house should it depart.
His will was thus expressed:—He left the ring

To him of all his sons the most beloved,
With strictest charge that he, too, in his turn
Should leave the jewel to his dearest son,
And ever that the best beloved, so proved,
Without respect of birth or other claim,
By virtue only of the ring should be
The house's chief and head.
From son to son, in due course handed down,
The ring last reached the father of three sons,
Who all obeyed and loved him equally—
Whom all, as him and them it well became,
He loved with equal love. At one time one,
At one another (as by chance he found
His heart alone with one, and could expend
Upon a single object all its wealth)
Appeared the worthiest of the opal ring,
Which, at such times, irresolutely fond,
To each he promised. So the time past on.
At length the old man came to die, and lay
Perplexed and grieved at heart to disappoint
Two sons who trusted him. What could be done?
He sent in secret to a jeweller,
Commanded him to make two other rings
In pattern like his own: no craft to spare,
No labour, no expense to render them,
So far as human skill could reach, alike.
The work was done—the rings were brought, and lo!
The old man could not choose his own!
Well pleased, he called his children, one by one,
To his bedside; gave to them, one by one,
His blessing, and his ring—and died.
Scarce was their father dead, when came the sons,
Each with his ring, to testify his claim
To rule the house. They argued, stormed, complained.
In vain! The ring was indemonstrable
As is the true faith in these later times.
They went to law. The first, on oath, affirmed
That he, directly, from his father's hand
Received the ring. True as could be. The next
That, long ago, his father's plighted word
Gave him possession. As, indeed, it did.
The third, that never would his sire have dealt
Unjustly towards him: and ere he allowed
So dark a thought against so dear a father
To cross the threshold of his mind, he must
Accuse his brethren of foul play: he prayed
For means of quick detection—means
Of punishment—
The judge broke out: "Unless ye can produce
Your father here before me, I refuse
To listen further. Think ye I am here
To solve your riddles? or do ye expect
The ring itself to find a tongue and speak?
Yet stay—the genuine ring, I hear, has power
To make beloved of God and man. Let that
Decide! In that, at least, the counterfeit
Must fail! Now which one of ye three
Loves best his brethren? Speak. No word?

Each loves himself the best!
O, ye are all deceived deceivers! All
Your rings are counterfeit. The genuine ring
Was, haply, lost long since. Your father, then,
To hide, or to supply the loss, contrived
To let three rings be made instead of one.
And so," pursued the judge, "unless ye will
Accept my counsel in my judgment's stead,
Begone! But this is my advice to all.
Accept this matter as it stands. If each
Directly from his father's hand possess
A ring, let him think that the genuine.
Maybe your father felt inclined to end
The one-ring tyranny throughout his house.
'Tis certain that he loved ye all, and equally,
Since he would not consent to disappoint
Two sons to please a third. Well, then, do ye
In emulation strive to imitate
His free, unprejudiced, impartial love!
Let each in friendly rivalry contend
How best he may make manifest the power
Within his ring. Assist its rise and growth
By Christian meekness, lowliness of heart,
A peaceful disposition, charity,
And, above all, a reverent love of God.
And when the mystic virtues of the gems
Unfold and spread themselves in future times
Upon your children's children richly shed,
I summon ye, in unborn times, again
Before this seat. A wiser man than I
Will then decide. Begone!" So, modestly
Advised the upright judge.

The Grumbler.

WHAT do I think of the war? Why, once and for all that it is a most insufferable nuisance. Here we are with the thermometer so high in the shade that nothing under six feet four can see it: and one is to be pestered at every turn, and by every soul one meets, with "Well, Growler, what do *you* think of the war? Any news? Have you heard the Russians have joined the Prussians? Is it true the French have telegraphed, *viâ* Bombay to Calcutta, to dismantle Serampore and send home at once the corporal and three privates who have so long and gallantly protected that important colony? Is it true that the corporal is at once to be raised to the rank of sergeant, and one of the three privates have the Cross of the Legion ere the whole four join their respective regiments across the frontier?" Have I heard the latest news? No, what is it? "A most important engagement on the Rhenish frontier—no one knows of it—the fact is, I have it direct from a friend, a young clerk in the telegraph office, who told me of it while he ran over to get his lunch before he copied off the cyphers for the Foreign Office. Well, where was the engagement? At Shaggenstein, on the direct road to Tobaccenburg, you know, down there on the Rhine. As the courier to Pipenstalk was passing, he heard, or fancied he heard, distant cannonading, and distinctly saw smoke in the valley, thinks the Prussians had attacked the whole French army in force, but it might have been only a row between a couple of drunken German Custom House officers, and the smoke might have proceeded from their pipes." Of course, and this is just the kind of question and answer one is compelled to endure in the full blaze of Regent-street and a tropical heat, and while standing on a pavement as hot as the inside of a brick kiln, while Timmins tells you, "But no, my dear fellow, I have it on the *best authority*." And when I come to think about it, he really has—for Sarah Maria, Mrs. Timmins' own maid (bear in mind the Timmins are highly respectable, keep their own brougham, and live in St. John's-wood somewhere) Sarah Maria used to keep company with a young man, who had been under groom or helper in the stables of the late lamented Lord Clarendon, and if anybody knew anything of the affairs of Europe, "I rather fancy Lord Clarendon did:" at least, so says Timmins, who, by-the-bye, has a large print, in an oak frame—no, not of George the helper, but of George William Frederick, K.G., etc., etc., etc., fourth Earl Clarendon—which hangs between the two windows in the dining-room at St. John's-wood; and, either because of the print, or Timmins' admiration for the late lord, or which is possibly nearer the mark, because Timmins likes to talk, and hear himself talk, and always talks nonsense, I am to be bored, bothered, and kept in a sun bath, because Timmins (and, bear in mind, just now the Timmins' are a legion) chooses to talk about what he knows nothing about, and cannot possibly understand; and hereby I warn the Timmins tribe for the future that I will never speak a word to them about the war until I am assured they have mastered Guy's Geography, and are perfectly ready to pass a competitive examination upon it, and, in short, can tell me at once in what province is Tobaccenburg—where is Shaggenstein?—and is Birdeneyesberg a free Confederate or Prussian. There is another thing too, while I am about it, and which I wish to settle and have disposed of for ever. One cannot dine anywhere now without meeting some one who really had it from some one else; and, "in fact, I don't mind telling you, but the whole story of the quarrel between France and Prussia is really nonsense—the State papers that will be laid upon the table of the House of Commons know nothing about it, nor do the ministers. The fact is—now this I had from a friend who wrote it over to my wife's doctor's cousin, in fact, he has been (I mean the friend who was walking there at the time, and who wrote to my wife's doctor's cousin), at Ems all the summer. He was reccommended to take the waters there for a broken chilblain he had very bad indeed last winter, and from which he has suffered ever since." But how about the quarrel with France and Prussia? I interrupt. "Well, you see, Mr. Benedetti had gone out for a stroll, having done all his office work and sent off all his letters—well, he was strolling along the park, smoking his cigar, when who should come up to him but the King of Prussia, dressed in a dark green frock-coat with a red ribbon across it. (These dinner bores always love to be particular). 'Hollo! Benedetti,' says the King, 'How are you, old fellow?' nothing could have been more amiable than the King's manner. 'Hollo, old fellow, how are you? I say, have you seen this;' and he took out of his pocket a copy of the *Tottenham Court Road Gazette and Eagle Tavern Advertiser*. 'There, look at that,' said the King, pointing with his finger to a letter from that fellow Hohenzollern, renouncing the Spanish Crown, saying, as it wasn't worth anything he didn't want it. 'What do you think of that, old fellow?' said the King. What did Mr. Benedetti reply, I asked. 'Well, he only said *Umph*.' The King said, 'Ah, I thought I had stumped you; so put that in your pipe and smoke it.' 'I don't believe it,' said Benedetti. 'Hollo!' said the King, 'do you mean to call me a ——!' 'I mean to say, I don't believe this; and as for smoking, if the Emperor, my master, had not had the greatest regard for your majesty, every town in Germany would have smoked long ere this.' 'Enough, sir,' said the King; 'I don't want to hear any more.' So he walked off, turning his back upon Benedetti, who clearly saw it was all up but fighting. And that is the real, true, and exact account of the interview." Oh, is it? said I; and you believe it? "Of course, every word of it; for, as I told you before, I know the source from whence it came." Ah, you do, do you? Well, then, just tell that source one thing from me. And that is, to keep all their valuable information to themselves, and not disseminate their gossip, which, whether true or false, can do no possible good, but may easily enough, from too oft repetition, get to the ears of the parties most deeply interested, and do harm. Let none of us forget that now two great powerful nations—both our near and tried allies—are engaged in a quarrel with which we have nothing whatever to do; and that it should be the duty and active principle of every honest John Bull just to stand on one side, and let both parties have fair play—as far as our non-interference, or remarks go. If we remember the Prussian alliance of 1815, don't let us forget that France has, indeed, been a true and tried friend, during the China War, the Russian Crimean Campaign, nor should we ever forget the Emperor's offer of assistance, and peaceful permission of free passage to our troops through France, during the difficulties and dilemma of the Indian Mutiny. If these alone are not sufficient, do not let us forget the blessings of peace, and if we wish, as God grant all may, to preserve it, let us now and then recall old Butler's hackneyed lines—

Those who in quarrels interpose
Will ofttimes reap a bloody nose.

The Man in the Stalls.

THE curtain has fallen upon the performances of the two Opera Houses for 1870. No sound but the carpenter's hammer and an occasional polite objurgation addressed by Bill Brown on the stage to Bob Bawkins in the flies, will fill the space so recently made musical by Nilsson, Titiens, Sessi, Patti, and their *collaborateurs*. There is nothing to regret. Listening absolutely became a great fatigue during the past fortnight. Three times during the performance of *L'Olandese Dannato* was I obliged to rush to the saloon to repair my forces with an American drink. If I did not know you are a *cognoscente* on these matters, I would recommend sherry, crushed ice, lemonade, three lumps of *pane sucre*, and half a glass of curaçao, mingled, as only Joe Jefferson can do the trick, in half a goblet of crystal water, as the incomparable solace under the suffering circumstances. *The Flying Dutchman* was a success—not so great, perhaps, as that wonderful Adelphi piece, in which T. P. Cooke played Vander Decken, but still sufficiently satisfactory to excite a regret that the opera was not produced at an earlier period of the season.

The destiny of the singing birds this summer has been disturbed by the awful war now raging between France and Prussia. Christine Nilsson goes to the United States, where she will warble undisturbed. It is pleasant to be a neutral at all times, but the pleasure is much enhanced by putting 3,000 miles of old ocean between yourself and a *mitrailleuse*. Patti remains in England, and the rest will probably try to pick up a few *oboli* in Belgium and Holland, or the Sandwich Islands.

Curious to see how a British public would avail itself of an opportunity of doing homage to talent associated with rare beauty, I walked into the handsome vestibule of the Queen's last Friday. The performances were for the benefit of the Rousbys. Let me record that the attendance was excellent. The audience was not merely numerous—it was composed of as rich a variety of the better classes as could be mustered at this point of the year. The Rousbys supplemented *Axe and Crown* with the charming comedietta of *Delicate Ground*, in which Mrs. R.'s Pauline left her friends nothing to wish for.

Two or three weeks hence, the Rousbys leave the Queen's temporarily, to rusticate during the autumn. *Axe and Crown*, after an extraordinary run, gives way consequently to other entertainments, and I am happy to report that, by way of a change, we are to have a feast of Shakespearian poetry. *Midsummer Night's Dream* will be revived with rare effects; the fairies will be represented by the smallest children procurable, under the idea that they will come near to realise the Peas Blossoms and Mustard Seeds of the poet. And the scenery will develop the powers of the artist of the theatre in pourtraying the sylvan localities of this exquisite comedy. All this is good news, but the best is to come—Phelps is to play "bully Bottom." He was great in this part at "the Wells," fifteen years ago. Comedy, I have always said, is his *forte*, and *Bottom* is at the *top* of his drollery. It is a rare and thoughtful piece of acting. In other respects, the company at the Queen's is strong enough to render justice to all the *dramatis personæ*. Ryder, of course, will play his old part of Theseus; Rignold and Nelson may be safely cast for Lysander and Demetrius; and with Miss Henderson for Hermia, and an equally pretty and intelligent actress for Helena, "I hope here's a play fitted." The management is much to be commended for prudence in keeping up the ball, now that the Queen's has acquired a leading position among the metropolitan theatres.

Two or three years ago no house, it was supposed, could exist without its glittering extravaganza or bold burlesque. Thank God! the nauseating stuff has partially evaporated. Four theatres are now open which mainly depend upon tolerably good plays for their existence, and starvation is not apparently the lot in store for them. A fifth will re-open in the autumn with the same class of performance, and if I were to say a sixth and a seventh, I should not be far from the truth.

You will hardly believe it, but there are signs of re-animation at the transpontine theatres. That indefatigable *homo*, whose vitality exceeds the ending powers of the "harmless, necessary cat"—that marvellously elastic genius, who has governed every theatre in London from Her Majesty's to Cremorne, and even extended his generalship to the Crystal Palace, is said to be treating for one or other of the houses, in defiance of apparitions of bankruptcy. I can say positively that he has taken an office, and was last week seeking the aid of an author whose successes with warlike pieces justify the supposition that he could produce something *àpropos* to the hostile fever now raging. We shall probably know more about it next week.

Creswick is off to the States. I see he announces one of those *omnium gatherum* benefits which have become such unmitigated bores of late years. It is assumed that audiences only care to look upon actors and actresses without a thought of the pieces in which they play. Hence, fragments of dramas and farces are served up, which do no good to any one's reputation, and only bewilder country cousins. Creswick will give a scene or two from *Othello*, and that will be the last we shall see of him. He belongs to a class of actors who seem to be satisfied with gallery plaudits, and will just suit the *hooziers* and others "out west." I hope, for his own sake, he will pick up a few thousand dollars, and come back to sit under his vine and his fig-tree. Madame Tussaud lately consulted me about a group of tragedians to keep the Chamber of Horrors in countenance. I suggested Anderson, Montgomery, Creswick, and Bennett; but the announcement of C.'s intended departure has knocked the scheme on the head.

This is the last night of Schneider. Whither she goes to wield *le sabre de mon père* is unknown to this deponent, and while his eyes are directed to the Rhine, where no Englishman will be seen this summer if he desires to preserve his skin, he really does not care.

THE ROYALTY THEATRE.—Mr. George Buckland gave an Entertainment here on Saturday and Tuesday, July 16 and 19. The programme of Saturday week consisted of Virginia Gabriel's charming little Operetta, *The Rainy Day*, a Concert, and a Musical Farce, entitled, *Courtship under Difficulties*. The whole being supported by Mesdames Annie Buckland, Marie D'Ettiene, and Rebecca Isaacs, and Mr. George Buckland, who were quite successful in their efforts to amuse the audience. On the Tuesday following, the only change was *Monsieur Jacques* instead of the concert; Mr. Forester's (always a careful actor) Monsieur Jacques being a very even performance. Miss Fitzjames, a young lady who, if we guess rightly, made her first appearance at the Olympic in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's *Princess*, enacted the part of Nina in a very quiet and ladylike manner. She has the gift of a good voice, and fully deserved the applause bestowed upon her for her singing the incidental music. We shall look forward with pleasure for the re-appearance of this lady.

THE TURF.

WRITING in happy ignorance, as to whether Toby and Sabinus have made my fortune or irretrievably ruined me, I cannot venture on any comment on the past, which is as obscure to me as the writing on Sesostris' tomb. As to the future I will, if pushed to extremities, avow my predilection for Rosicrucian in the Champagne Stakes at Brighton; Kennington in the Cup; and the Caller Ou filly in the Corporation. The Lewes Handicap may be won by Miss Sheppard; and the De Warrenne Handicap by Cocoa Nut. So prays, at least, your servant,

FORECAST.

WIMBLEDON IN 1870.

THE Battle of Wimbledon has been fought and won. There have been many victories, and of course proportionate defeats; the prize lists have been filled up; all, for the unfortunate competitors, has been lost except honour; and Saturday concluded a most brilliant week. Saturday, however, was not so brilliant as it would have been had not an event most melancholy and scarcely to be spoken of befallen a noble family, which may almost be said to stand at the head of the Volunteer movement, and to have inspired it by a constant and patriotic sympathy. The absence of Lord Elcho from any of these celebrations would be deplored, but the sad cause of it on Saturday excited an universal sorrow, and many were the manifestations of this feeling. Riflemen paraded with crape bands on their arms; until the march past took place all music ceased in the camp, except the shrill note of the bugle; flags drooped half-mast high; and altogether there was a sense of despondency and pain mixed up with the admiration of the scene, which was that of a camp, but not of a camp in the ordinary sense of the word. We have visited the tent cities of Boulogne and Chalons, and that stern range of canvas outside Frankfort, which was erected by the Prussians when they conquered an unarmed population; but in all of these there was routine and rigidity and inflexible rule. But so much cannot possibly be said of the Wimbledon gathering, at least, on Saturday, until the marshalling to arms began. It was rather a mighty picnic. The most unmilitary aspects were displayed. Instead of helms and sabres of their sires and sworded guard, and rampant defiance, you saw inside the tents of Achilles and his myrmidons the daintiest dresses of the period, pink sashes very near to pith helmets, and an amount of ice-eating and champagne and soda sipping, which was enough to exasperate a lonely wanderer among these pegged and roped and woven streets that should have been horrid with war. And the other varieties of these temporary local habitations were curious to observe. In the pretty camp of the Victorias, you might remark distinctions of character and tendency which we trust may be mentioned without offence. These gallant soldiers have a taste for flowers, and their enclosure bloomed brightly with them. Peering through one entry you saw that the warrior to whom it belonged was practical enough to make his bed on the cold ground—which, by the way, was as hot as the sand of Suez; in another a board flooring had been prepared with a carpet fit for a villa; in a third, evidences were apparent of photographic and barometrical instincts; but throughout a perfect consciousness of the necessities of self-comfort and consolation was visible. The occasion, however, was a gala one; the hard work of the fortnight was over; the shooting had finished; but the expected charm of the day had been denied the Volunteers, because her Royal Highness the Princess Mary of Teck could not be present, on account of the deplorable incident to which we have referred. No formal presentation of prizes, therefore, took place; indeed, the prizes, by some unaccountable arrangement, had been removed from the camp after gun-fire on Friday evening; and so the public had no chance of inspecting them. We desire to say nothing against the general provisions of the Council; but there is a good deal which must be altered at Wimbledon; and we would especially recommend attention to the secretary's tent, where an inconceivably uncouth lad was left to represent the regular official. Upon the whole, however, too much praise cannot be given to those who had the affair of the day in charge. The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police gave every facility to visitors; his subcommissioners and superintendents seconded him with at once perfect courtesy and perfect *savoir faire*; and, as for the Volunteers themselves, they were of a politeness which passed the limits of discipline. They will forgive us if before reaching the hour at which they went through the mimic battle, we note a few social circumstances of the day. It had been deprived, as we have said, of its order and expectations by a grievous episode, but as usual a most pious devotion was paid to the refreshment department. If any one were to attempt to calculate the amount of claret cup, and champagne and lemonade, and American soda, and curious combinations of all things cool, and strawberry and vanille, consumed beneath the roofs of those hospitable pavilions, he would, if successful, be entitled to compete for the quadrature of the circle or perpetual motion. It was perpetual motion with a vengeance; and some compassion is due to the houris of the bar and the beer-engine who had to serve amidst such a clatter of demands. The only symptom of actual hostilities was exhibited at those same refreshment-halls, since they were literally in a state of siege.

But that a serious purpose had been kept in view was quite evident from the Royal cheers which greeted the flying column and contingents from Aldershot. It had been announced that the presentation of prizes would not take place, and, remembering so much, the only wonder is that the camp on Saturday was so attractive. Indeed, it had a semblance of continental gaiety about it, which is rarely seen in England. As the Black Watch, even when marching at ease in fours, crossed the ground in a manner which the Guards themselves could not have excelled, with a wheel in quarter distance that elicited somehow a thrilling hurrah from thousands who understood nothing whatever of military movements, the true quality of the rifle organisation was apparent in the union of the Regulars and the Volunteers. The dark tartans moved amid acclamations, loud and exhilarating, as though they were leaving for some Rhine of the English ambition. The complete fraternisation of these soldiers is an excellent sign of what might be expected from the men who filled the Wimbledon camp during the past week. The soldiers seemed to take a deep interest in the emulation of the Volunteers. They, without expectation of reward, would willingly join with them in the shooting competition; but there are two points upon which, according to general opinion, the Council might well be advised. The first is that the Exhibition Tent, although this year not so crowded or splashy, or sultry as of yore, has been filled with objects not worthy of it. We admire the Elkington stand, the Elcho Challenge Shield, the International Enfield Trophy, the Ashburton Shield, the triumphs of Shoeburyness; but there is rather too much of a bazaar in the camp. At any rate, the Exhibition Tent is not exactly the place for mechanical piping bullfinches, patent lamps, Swiss clocks reducing horology to a farce, and automata imitating the bugle calls of the occasion. We cannot regard the camp as essentially a military one until it gets rid of these shopkeepers. It is unnecessary to specify them, but the allusion will be understood. And still more is it necessary to protest—and if we are bold in saying it, we are bound to say it, in the interest of the Volunteers themselves—that in other matters much more licence is permitted than is reputable. To see that noble upland spread with pointed tents, glistening with arms carried by brave men, radiant with variegated uniforms, pranced over by troops of glossy horse, quaking under the weight of artillery, fleeced about by the sullen clouds of the gun and the rifle, is one thing, to see it invaded by a nameless horde of nameless adventuresses is another. We will not go farther than to say that whatever is complained about in regard to the notorious levity of our time has had its illustration at Wimbledon. Of course the camp was made elegant by the presence of countless graceful ladies, and the many concourses of pleasant people collected, rendered it on Saturday a bright, busy, and cheerful scene. If, in fact, we have approached certain disagreeable topics, it

is with a view of impressing upon the Volunteers the importance of rendering their annual encampment at Wimbledon a pleasing, irreproachable, and fashionable place of resort. As it is, notwithstanding all drawbacks, the meeting has been eminently a triumph. Peculiar heroes have complained that their neighbours snored; others, that they could not sleep, because a convivial party was singing "Auld Lang Syne" till late at night, even after the curfew signal had been given; some, that the firing points were encumbered by uninitiated strangers; others, that, with every will to be useful, they are the worst-trained and worst-armed forces in Europe; and so forth. Yet we pass by the grumblers, the reluctant bed-makers, the small bores, the gentlemen who mistake a tent entrance for a door in London, and are troubled about their lost latch-keys, the weary listeners to the voices of the night, the marksmen who hang upon their own last shots, striving to convert forty-five into forty-six, and take the general result. All the events constituting the glories of the week have passed off amid deserved approbation. The blue ribbon was won without a murmur on the part of any among the unsuccessful. The victor got his prize without jealousy, and was easily hoisted on the shoulders of his comrades. The Irish Twenty made their bargain with Fortune and gained a profit; while, as for the Caledonian giants, they seemed to be everywhere and doing everything. Some of them excited the indignation of their countrymen by doffing their national bonnets and substituting those fearful and wonderful combinations which are supposed to keep the heat from the head. Upon this point, all manner of incredible theories were bruited. Hundreds of Volunteers wore upon their heads the double-roofed dome which is popularly believed to be impervious to the arrows of far-darting Apollo. The puggery was in almost universal request, but owing to a strange notion it was sold in rainbow colours, destroying at once its meaning and its use. These white mushrooms made men look like moving tents, and as the gathering of the clans took place, enthusiastic friends crowding about the line suggested to one's imagination that the tents of Wimbledon had been vitalised, and at the sound of a war echo were upon the march. Talk of tents on the march! Why, Birnam Wood was there in gilded glory. The corps whose champion had won the chief prize sported gilt laurel leaves in their shakos, overburied in dust, faces sweltering, and the general frame of man soaked out of all spirit by this vile climate, which never knows how to be hot, or when to be cold. The Volunteers collected at Wimbledon on Saturday went to their work with ardour, and although the earlier hours of the day seemed like those of a merely festive assemblage, the citizen soldiers were ready and steady at the moment when the flag was hoisted and the staff took its place for the gathering and the going which were to follow gun fire.

It cannot truthfully be reported that the Review was a success, either as a spectacle or as a lesson. Apart from the march past, it occupied just over three-quarters of an hour, and the march past itself did not last more than five and thirty minutes. Probably under such an ardent sun this was quite long enough for the Volunteers, and even the regulars appeared as if they did not regret the shortness of the movements. But there was this conspicuous disadvantage as regards the Volunteers, that some of the corps not only did not fire a shot, but that they hardly reached the common in time to march past the general inspecting. Especially were the London Brigade thus prevented from displaying their *forte*, which has always been skirmishing, for they went up the river by steamer to Putney, and, owing to the low tide, got aground—not, indeed, for a very long time, but quite long enough to lose any part of the sham fight. It is impossible to give any accurate list of the troops on the ground, for the reason that such a thing as a field state was not to be discovered anywhere; but we believe the following list will be found substantially correct:—

The flying column from Aldershot, under the command of Major-General Carey, C.B., with Lieut.-Colonel Tupper as assistant adjutant-general, and Capt. Knollys as brigade-major, consisted of a battery Royal Horse Artillery, a battery Royal Artillery, six troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards, a company of Royal Engineers, the 2nd battalion of the 13th Regiment, the 33rd Regiment, the 42nd Highlanders, and the 4th battalion 60th Rifles, making in all about 2,400 men.

The Volunteer corps represented were:—10th Kent Artillery, 1st London Artillery, 2nd Middlesex Artillery, 1st Surrey Artillery, 1st London Engineers, 1st Middlesex Engineers, 21st Kent Rifles, 26th Kent, 3rd Lincolnshire, 5th Lincolnshire, 4th Middlesex, 19th Middlesex, 21st (Civil Service), 22nd (Queen's Westminster), 23rd (Inns of Court), 26th (Her Majesty's Customs), 28th (London Irish), 37th (Bloomsbury), 38th (Artists), 39th (Finsbury), 48th Middlesex, 1st Administrative Battalion of Surrey, 2nd Administrative Battalion, 2nd Surrey Corps, 3rd Middlesex Artillery, 2nd Tower Hamlets Engineers, 1st London Rifle Brigade, 3rd London, 1st Middlesex (Victorias), 18th Middlesex (Harrow), 2nd (South) Middlesex, 9th (West) Middlesex, 20th Middlesex, 29th (North) Middlesex, 36th Middlesex (Paddington), 40th Middlesex (Central London), 49th Middlesex (Post Office), 4th Administrative Battalion of Surrey, 1st Surrey, and 7th Surrey—numbering together as nearly as may be 9,500 men, although they had been estimated at 11,700. There are certain corps which always fix their estimates in their applications to the War Office at the same figure. Thus one distinguished corps generally applies for leave to parade 500 men, and sometimes it turns out about 250, while on others it is represented by as many as 650 shakos. On Saturday there was a marked falling off in many regiments, partly caused, no doubt, by respect to Lord Elcho—the sad casualty in whose family had thrown a gloom over all the camp—but also certainly occasioned, in some degree, by fear of the intense heat of the weather, which, however, was somewhat tempered by a steady breeze. The Volunteers were commanded by Lords Ranelagh, Bury, and Truro, and Captain Wallen Jones, to each of whom a brigade was entrusted, and the whole force was for a short time under the orders of the Field Marshal Commanding in Chief; but when his Royal Highness retired, which he did before the field operations terminated, Lieut.-General Sir J. Hope Grant assumed the command.

The battle would have been very good if it had not existed upon paper alone. There was no enemy, which was a pity, because even one handy and smart battalion can make a good deal of show on the side of attack, as Colonel Brewster demonstrated at Brighton five or six years ago with the Inns of Court. But the enemy only existing in imagination on the gravel hills of Kingston and under cover of Coombe Wood, there was a want of interest in the "fight" that reduced it almost to the level of a battalion parade. Supposing that twelve thousand men were on the ground—and that certainly is an outside estimate—it would have been better to have thrown, say 1500 of them, from Kingston Bottom on the defending party, which held the rifle butts. As it was, there was a certain looseness in the movements of the troops, due to the fact that they felt no enemy in their front. And we say this although the first line of the defence was composed of regulars, the infantry being supported by the Horse Artillery on the right and by the 7th Dragoon Guards on the left. The only really notable thing of the day was a charge of the latter regiment from the left to clear the right, which the attack was supposed to have for the moment outflanked. But even this, however regular were the squadrons, and however massive was the movement, lacked the element of apparent reality which would have been imparted to it by a hollow square with fixed bayonets and with loaded rifles. The enemy was supposed to have gained a slight advantage just beyond the windmill, and the infantry consequently retired, while the cavalry and the artillery covered their retreat. Then the Volunteers, who had formed a reserve in two lines came, just for five minutes, into action. But while to the amateur eye there was probably some picturesqueness in the grouping of the troops, as one line fell back on the other, there was evidently nothing to be learnt by the Volunteers any more than—if, indeed, so much as—they could learn by a battalion parade in Regent's-park. To say the truth, as far as the military movements are concerned, the review was blighted by the unhappy casualty that had occurred to a gentleman generally known and much liked; and there was a want of energy visible in every department, that with eleven years' experience of volunteering, we have never seen before.

So far as such a display could have a moral it lay in these two points. The fire of the Volunteers, when they fired at all, was quite ineffective. On Wednesday, in front of "the Spider's Retreat," we saw far better work done with seven or eight Martini-Henry rifles than was done yesterday by many a battalion with Enfields. And the volleys, as a whole, were execrably bad, while the file-firing was not much better. Indeed, if the Volunteers do not soon obtain the Snider, or some other breech-loading arm, they will be as far behind the warfare of the present day as the owners of Brown Bess would have been if they had been engaged in the last Austro-Italian campaign. The second point is that the annual Wimbledon Review is meant either as a lesson in military movements, or is it meant to fill the coffers of the National Rifle Association by the "gate money" received from the thousands of Londoners who look at the thing simply as an excuse for an outing, and who picnic or lounge with no more regard for the field movements than if such things did not exist. We do not say that these two things are incompatible; rather otherwise. But we do maintain that to bring the Volunteers to Wimbledon on such a day, and then to teach them nothing, is to put an affront on the force, which everybody knows desires such displays as means whereby they may learn more of the art and mystery of soldiering than they can well do on ordinary occasions. It would have been better by far that the Review had been foregone than that an impression should be given to the Volunteers that they are asked to a Wimbledon Review merely to draw gate money. To bring a flying column up from Aldershot, and then to teach the Volunteers nothing by such a chance of seeing the Regulars at work, is to waste the public money and to try the Volunteers' patience. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the march past of the Regulars, except to say that the left flank companies were generally better than the others; that the Queen's colours of the 33rd, ragged with many a storm of leaden hail, were loudly cheered; that the three troops of the 7th Dragoon Guards and the company of the Royal Engineers were loudly applauded; but that, here and there, equally in Artillery, Engineers, and line, the general depression which characterised the day appeared to be contagious. The Volunteer Artillery was headed by Prince Teck, who was cheered as he wheeled his horse to join Sir Hope Grant at the saluting point, and on the whole it may be said that the batteries passed in very good order, and the garrison artillery rather more loosely than we are accustomed to see them. Major-General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, whose name, however, did not appear upon the programme, headed the first division of the Volunteer Infantry, and also wheeled at the saluting point. It would be impossible to go in detail into the comparative merit of the Volunteer regiments, but we may say briefly that the following corps were distinguished by their marching:—the London Brigade, the Civil Service, the 3rd City, the 1st, 7th, and 19th Surrey, the 1st City Engineers, the London Irish (the strongest corps on the ground), the Queen's Westminster, which was very poorly represented, and one company of a Kentish regiment, in dark green, which passed the flag-staff better than any corps on the ground, whether Regulars or Volunteers. It ought, however, in justice to the 1st Middlesex Engineers to be stated that they were marching almost perfectly when, just as they approached Sir Hope Grant, Colonel Macleod's horse shied, threw the first company into disorder, and spoiled the distance of the remaining companies. But the battalion recovered itself with marvellous celerity, and in spite of the *contretemps*, passed—with the exception of distance—as well as any other regiment on the ground. As we had occasion on the day after the Brighton Review to find fault in rather a marked manner with the corps then present for their almost universal disregard of distance, we have the more pleasure in stating that the most satisfactory portion of yesterday's review was the care taken with respect to distance. But even this observation must be qualified by the remark that the distances between companies and battalions were much better observed than the proper distances between brigades. In point of fact it would have been difficult but for the presence of the brigade staff to make out where one brigade ended and another began.

As soon as the Volunteers had passed the saluting point, the spectators, who had been well kept in line by the police under Colonel Pearson, district superintendent, Chief Superintendent Mott, and Superintendent Butt, broke bounds, and from that moment the common was a scene of confusion, which reached its most notable point at the refreshment counters of Messrs. Spiers and Pond. After such a day, liquids were in great and natural demand; and it was very pleasant to sit over a claret cup and watch the most glorious sunset that this summer has given us; for the sky, freckled with grey and gold over a ground of Cambridge blue, was, for half an hour after the review, one of the most splendid sights which can be imagined, and which no artist could even approximately render upon canvas. We need not touch upon the scenes of confusion at Putney and Wimbledon railway stations—they have become very much matters of course, and year after year, whatever efforts the railway company may make, the people appear to be subjected to an amount of inconvenience for which it must be said, in all honesty, they have only their own eagerness to blame.

The exhibition of the Milanese Menagerie at Lyons was interrupted a few evenings back by a terrible fight between the beast tamer, M. Faimali, and a panther. The man was in the cage with two of these animals, putting them through different feats of agility, when the male refused to ascend the ladder, and crouched down in a corner, as if preparing to spring on its master. A sharp cut with the whip recalled the refractory performer to obedience, and it began, although unwillingly, to climb the steps, but, when half way up, it again stopped, and, on receiving a second blow, put out his paw and clawed the man down the face, making him bleed profusely. The spectators shrieked with terror, but Faimali did not for a moment lose his presence of mind, and, with the butt end of his whip, administered such a vigorous correction that in a moment the animal was completely cowed, and slunk off with its tail between its legs. The tamer then calmly came out to the public, and was received with tremendous applause.

At a recent performance of Méhul's *Joseph* in Vienna, Richard Levi, inspector general of the Court Theatre, was so struck by the performance of Beck, the baritone, that he sent him a letter accompanied by a bottle of wine. "Princes," said he, "lavish decorations, and fortunate people ducats, on the artists who enchant them. For myself I have this day received two bottles of first-rate genuine Rhine wine, one of which I send for your acceptance, the other I shall drink with much pleasure to your health." M. Beck, it is stated, was exceedingly touched by a gift which "appealed (he declared) to his heart" more than any present he ever received—and a wag adds, "to his stomach" as well.

Advertisements.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—The Last Night of the Season. For the Benefit of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, and positively her last appearance previous to her departure for America. THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 30, the First Act of Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA. Alfredo, Signor Perotti; Gastone, Signor Rinaldini; Il Baronne Duphol, Signor Castelli; Marchese d'Obigny, Signor Raguer; Medico, Signor Trevero; Flora Bervoix, Madame Corsi; and Violetta Valery, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. To be followed by the Second Act of Flotow's Opera, MARTHA. Lionello, Signor Perotti; Plunkette, Mr. Santley; Lord Tristan, Signor Zoboli; Nancy, Madame Carì; and Martha, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, who will sing "The Last Rose of Summer." To conclude with the Third Act of LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Raimondo, Signor Foli; Aston, Signor Raguer; and Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor Arditi.
Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.
Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Mr. CRESWICK'S COMPLIMENTARY FAREWELL BENEFIT, THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON, at two o'clock.

GAIETY THEATRE.—THE HEIR-AT-LAW, THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON. Miss E. Bufton, Messrs. Crouch and D. James.

GAIETY THEATRE.—ONE TOUCH OF NATURE, THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON. Miss Furtado, Messrs. Ashley, Eburne, C. J. Smith, and Mr. Benjamin Webster.

GAIETY THEATRE.—OTHELLO, Mr. CRESWICK. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Reinhart and Mrs. Hermann Vezin.—THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON.

GAIETY THEATRE.—TWO ROSES.—THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON.—Miss Amy Fawsitt, Miss A. Newton, Miss T. Lavis; Messrs. T. Thorne, H. Irving, G. Honey, W. H. Stephens, and H. J. Montague.

GAIETY THEATRE. — THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON.—Miss Herbert, Messrs. W. H. Stephens, G. Rignold, H. Cooper, and Mr. Creswick.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.- LITTLE EM'LY.—Revival (by general desire) of the great Olympic Drama, LITTLE EM'LY, adapted by Andrew Halliday from "David Copperfield," the favourite work of the late Charles Dickens, produced under the sole direction of Mrs. W. H. Liston.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING (Saturday) July 30, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"'Little Em'ly' is revived with a cast in many respects so new that the revival may almost be regarded as a novelty. Without drawing 'odorous' comparisons, we may safely affirm that the piece has not in the least suffered by the change of the performers."—Times.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE.—"'The Raging Torrent,' behind the fisherman's hut, with menacing shapes of gnomes, goblins, and water sprites surging amid the waters. The Enchanted Forest, haunted by mischievous elves. 'The Descent of Undine beneath the waves,' 'The Apotheosis of Undine,' who is seen soaring towards Olympus, surrounded by ministering seraphs clad in many-coloured robes, on which the lime-light falls with refulgent splendour."—Morning Post.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Swanborough.—Miss ELEANOR BUFTON begs to announce that her BENEFIT will take place THIS (Saturday) EVENING, July 30. Commence at half-past seven with the Comedy of LOVING HEARTS. Miss Eleanor Bufton. The screen scene from THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Lady Teazle, Miss Ada Swanborough. THE BONNIE FISHWIFE. Mr. John Clarke will sustain his original character, and Miss Furtado will appear. LITTLE FIBS. Miss E. Fowler. And the first scene of THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. Messrs. E. Terry, Turner, &c.; Miss Lydia Maitland, &c. Places may be secured at the Box-office, or at the Libraries.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. Swanborough.—Notice.—This fashionable theatre will RE-OPEN for a short summer season on MONDAY NEXT, August 1st, when will be produced the favourite Comedy, KIND TO A FAULT; and the celebrated Burlesque, by H. J. Byron, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE. Doors open at seven. Commence at half-past seven. Box-office open daily.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—161st time.—Received each evening with overwhelming approbation by crowded audiences.—Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 5s.; box stalls (bonnets allowed), 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. and Mrs. ROUSBY, EVERY EVENING, in 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN. "A most enthusiastic success."—Times. "Unqualified success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Complete success."—Standard.

MISS HENRIETTA HODSON'S BENEFIT and LAST APPEARANCE at the QUEEN'S THEATRE is fixed for WEDNESDAY, August 10th.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft).—A new and original Comedy, written by T. W. Roberston, the author of "School," "Play," "Caste," "Ours," and "Society," called "M.P.," will be performed THIS EVENING, at Eight, by Mr. Hare, Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Addison, Mr. Glover, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Collette, and Mr. Bancroft; Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss Marie Wilton. Act I. The Candidates. Act II. The Addresses. Act III. The Sale. Act IV. The Poll. New scenery, by Hawes Craven. At half-past seven, DEAREST MAMMA. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Messrs. Addison, Collette, Terriss, and Montgomery; Mesdames Buckingham White, Augusta and Blanche Wilton. Box-office hours 11 till 5.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, the new Farce, by F. Hay, CUPBOARD LOVE. Messrs. H. Elton, C. Garthorne, and Miss L. Claire. TWO ROSES, by James Albery.

TWO ROSES, by James Albery.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, J. Beauclerc, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.—The ETHESCOPE. Prices reduced one half. Pit, 6d.; stalls, 1s. and 2s.; circle, 3s.; boxes, 10s. 6d. to £3 3s. Evenings at eight. Wednesday and Saturday at three and eight. Open 2.30 and 7.30. Carriages, 5.15 and 10.15. No charge for booking.

WORKMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1870.
Patroness—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
This Exhibition is NOW OPEN DAILY at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. From ten to seven, admission 6d.; and seven to ten, admission 2d.

WORKMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1870.—AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The exhibitors are requested to MEET in the BERNER'S HALL, on TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, August 2, at eight o'clock precisely, for the purpose of appointing jurors.
J. C. BUCKMASTER,
G. F. SAVAGE,
B. LUCRAFT, } Sub-Committee.

WORKMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1870.
Patroness—Her Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
In the first week of August 200 Danish Workmen will visit this Exhibition, for whom lodgings will have to be provided. The executive of the Exhibition will receive tenders from lodging-housekeepers and others for the accommodation of the expected visitors.—Address, Hon. Secretary's Office, Agricultural Hall, Barford-street, Liverpool-road, N.

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IT is admitted by the most eminent Medical Men that Depression of the Nervous and Physical Power is the cause of disease, and too frequently brings on an early death. A valuable work has just been published on its treatment and cure, with plain directions for perfect restoration to health and vigour. Post free from the author,

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MARAVILLA COCOA.—FOR BREAKFAST.—The "Globe" says—"Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a thorough success, and supersedes every other Cocoa in the market."—Sold in packets only by all Grocers.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.—The following letter has been received by the Secretary of Liebeg's Extract of Meat Company in reference to an announcement made by the London agents of the maker of an Australian Extract, to the effect that they exclusively supply the British Government:

"War Office, 30th May, 1870.
"Sir,—I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 23rd instant, and to acquaint you in reply that the advertisement referred to was not inserted by any authority from this office.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, "THOS. HOWELL.
"The Secretary,
"Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, Limited, 43, Mark-lane."

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HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY, and all the Military and Naval News of the Week, 2d.; stamped, 3d. Every Wednesday and Saturday. See the NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.

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NOTICE.—MR. DONALD, late of St. James's Hall, Regent-street, and the Royal Hotel, Ascot, begs to inform the public that he has OPENED the MANSION HOUSE TAVERN, Poultry, and Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, for the sale of live and dressed Turtle, Wines, &c. Mr. Donald has always on hand a large supply of live and dressed Turtle, livalid, clear, and thick, 18s. per quart.

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